

THE
VVonderfull yeare.

1603.

Wherein is shewed the picture of London, lying sicke of the Plague.

At the ende of all (like a mery Epilogue to a dull Play) certaine Tales are cut out in sundry fashions, of purpose to shorten the times of long winters nights, that he watching in the darke for vs.

Et me rigidi legant Catones.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde
in Saint Dunstons Church-yard
in Fleet-streete.





TO HIS WEL-
RESPECTED GOOD

friend, M. Cutbert Thuresby, *Waler-*
ter. Bayliffe of London.



Bookes are but poore gifts, yet
Kings receiue them: vpon which
I presume, you will not turne
This out of doores. You cannot
for shame but bid it welcome,
because it bringes to you a great quantitie of
my loue: which, if it be worth litle, (and no
maruell if *Loue* be solde vnder-foote, when the
God of *Loue* himselve goes naked) yet I hope
you will not say you haue a hard bargaine, Si-
thence you may take as much of it as you please
for nothing. I haue clapt the *Cognizance* of your
name, on these scribled papers, it is their liue-
ry: So that now they are yours: being free from
any vile imputation, saue only, that they thrust
themselues into your acquaintance. But gene-
rall errors, haue generall pardons: for the title

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

of other mens names, is the common *Heral-
dy* which all those laie claime too, whose crest
is a Pen-and Inckhorne. If you read, you may
happilie laugh; tis my desire you should, be-
cause mirth is both *Physicall*, and wholesome
against the *Plague*; with which sicknes, (to tell
truth) this booke is, (though not sorely) yet
somewhat infected. I pray, drue it not out of
your companie for all that; for (assure your
soule) I am so iealous of your health, that if
you did but once imagine, there were gall in
mine Incke, I would cast away the Standish,
and forswear medling with anie more *Mu-
ses*.



To the Reader.



ND why to the *Reader*? Oh good Sir! theres as sound law to make you giue good words to the *Reader*, as to a *Constable* when he caryes his watch about him to tell how the night goes, tho (perhaps) the one (oftentimes) may be serued in for a *Goose*, and the other very sily furnish the same messe: Yet to mainteine the scuruy fashion, and to keepe *Custom* in reparations, he must be honyed, and come-ouer with *Gentle Reader*, *Courteous Reader*, and *Learned Reader*, though he haue no more *Gentilitie* in him than *Adam* had (that was but a gardner) no more *Ciuility* than a *Tartar*, and no more *Learning* than the most errand *Stinkard*, that (except his owne name) could neuer finde any thing in the *Horne-booke*.

How notoriously therefore do good wits dishonor not only their *Calling*, but euen their *Creation*, that worship *Glow-wormes* (in stead of the *Sun*) because of a litle false glistering? In the name of *Phaebus* what madnes leades them vnto it? For he that dares hazard a pressing to death (thats to say, *To be a man in print*) must make account that he shall stand (like the old Wethercock ouer Powles Steeple) to be beaten with all stormes. Neither the stinking Tobacco-breath of a *Sattin-gull*, the *Aconited* sting of a narrow-cyd *Cruick*, the faces of a phantastick Stage-monkey, nor the *Indeado-la* of a Puritanicall Citizen, must once shake him. No, but desperately resolute (like a french Post) to ride through thick & thin: indure to see his limestorne pittifully on the rack: suffer his Muse to take the *Bastone*, yea the very flay, & himselfe like a new flake to be a marke for euery *Hagler*, and therefore (setting vp all these rests) why should he regard what fooles bolt is shot at him?


To the Reader.

Besides, if that which he presents vpon the Stage of the world be *Good*, why should he basely cry out (with that old poetically mad-cap in his *Amphitruo*) *Iouis summi causa clare plaudite*, beg a *Plaudite* for God-fake ! If *Bad*, who (but an Assle) would intreate (as Players do in a cogging *Epilogue* at the end of a filthy Comedy) that, be it neuer such wicked stufte, they would forbear to hisse, or to dam it perpetually to lye on a Stationers stall. For he that can so cosen himselfe, as to pocket vp praise in that silly sort, makes his braines fat with his owne folly.

But *Hinc Pudor* ! or rather *Hinc Dolor*, heeres the Diuell ! It is not the rattling of all this former haile-shot, that can terrifie our *Band of Castilian Pen-men* from entring into the field : no, no, the murdering Artillery indeede lyes in the roaring mouths of a company that looke big as if they were the sole and singular *Commanders* ouer the maine Army of *Poesy*, yet (if *Hermes* muster-booke were searcht ouer) theile be found to be most pittifull pure fresh-water souldiers : they giue out, that they are heires-apparent to *Halicarnassus*, but an easy *Herald* may make them meere yonger brothers, or (to say troth) not so much. Beare witnes all you whose wits make you able to be witnesses in this case, that heere I meddle not with your good Poets, *Nam tales, nusquam sunt hic amplius*. If you should rake hell, or (as *Aristophanes* in his *Frog* sayes) in any Celler deeper than hell, it is hard to finde Spirits of that *Fashion*. But those Goblins whom I now am cōiuring vp, haue bladder-checkes puffed out like a *Switzers* breeches (yet beeing prickt, there comes out nothing but wind) thin-headed fellowes that liue vpon the scraps of inuention, and trauell with such vagrant soules, and so like Ghosts in white sheetes of paper, that the Statute of Rogues may worthily be sued vpon them, because their wits haue no abiding place, and yet wander without a passe-port. Alas, poore wenches (the nine Muses) how much are you wronged, to haue such a number of Bastards lying vpō your hands ? But turne them out a begging ; or if you cannot be rid of their Riming-company (as I thinke it will be very hard) then lay your heauie and immortall curse vpon them, that

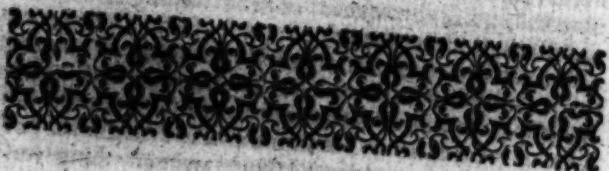
To the Reader.

that whatsoeuer they weaue (in the motley-loome of their rustie pates) may like a beggers cloake, be full of stoine patches, and yet neuer a patch like one another, that it may be such, true lamentable stuffe, that any honest Christian may be sorry to see it. Banish these *Word-pirates*, (you sacred mistresses of learning) into the gulfe of *Barbarisme*: doome them euerslastingly to liue among dunces: let them not once lick their lips at the *Thespian* bowle, but only be glad (and thanke *Apollo* for it too) if hereafter (as hitherto they haue alwayes) they may quench their poetick thirst with small beere. Or if they will needes be stealing your *Heliconian Nectar*, let them (like the dogs of *Nylus*) only lap and away. For this *Goatish* swarme are those (that where for these many thousand yeares you went for pure maides) haue taken away your good names, these are they that deflowre your beauties. These are those ranck-riders of Art, that haue so spur-gald your lustie wingd *Pegasus*, that now he begins to be out of flesh, and (euen only for prouander-sake) is glad to shew tricks like *Banckys* his Curtall. O you Booke-sellers (that are Factors to the Liberall, Sciences) ouer whose Stalls these Drones do dayly flye humming; let *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Euripides*, and some other mad Greekes with a band of the Latines, lye like musket-shot in their way, when these Gothes and Getes set vpon you in your paper fortifications; it is the only Canon, vpon whose mouth they dare not venture, none but the English will take their parts, therefore feare them not, for such a strong breath haue these cheefe-eaters, that if they do but blow vps a booke, they imagine straight tis blasted: *Quod supra nos, Nihil ad nos*, (they say) that which is aboue our capacite, shall not passe vnder our commendation. Yet would I haue these Zonists (of all other) to reade me, if euer I should write any thing worthily: for the blame that knowne-fooles heape vpon a deserting labour, does not discredit the same, but makes wise men more perfectly in loue with it. Into such a ones hands therefore if I fortune to fall, I will not shrinke an inch, but euen when his teeth are sharpest, and most readie to bite, I will stop his mouth only with this, *Hæc mala sunt, sed in pium meliora facit.*



Reader.

WHereas there stands in the Rere-ward of this Booke
a certaine mingled Troope of strange Discourses,
fashioned into Tales, Know, that the intelligence which first
brought them to light, was onely flying Report: whose tongue
(as it often does) if in spreading them it haue tript in any
materiall point, and either slipt too farre, or false too short,
beare with the error, and the rather, because it is not wil-
fully committed. Neither let any one (whome those Reports
shall seeme to touch) canill, or complaine of iniury, sithence
nothing is set downe by a malicious hand. Farewell.





THE WONDER.

full yeare.



Vertumnus being adored in his accustomed
 habit of changeable fitts, had lately passed
 through the best and principal Court-gate
 of Rome: to inspect by a secret way, and to
 observe how much he was in his office, Iar-
 nos (that beares two faces under one hood)
 came a very uncomely towe large, and (be-
 cause he was the only Doctor at that gate)

Vertumnus
 God of the
 yeare.

Description of
 the Spring.

presented into this King of the manchettes, all the floure yeares
 gifts, which were more in number, and more worth than those
 that are given to the great Turke, by the Emperour of Persia:
 on went Vertumnus in his habit progress, Priapus, Flora,
 the Dryades, and Hamadryades, with all the wooden rabble of
 those that dwell Orchards and Gardens, performing all the wayes
 that he went, with the sweete Decore that becometh from flow-
 ers, hearbes and trees, which now began to peep out of prison:
 by vertue of which excellent aires, the King got a most cleare com-
 plexion, looks shining and briske, and was not so much as a waite
 flicking on her face: the Sunne likewise was freshly and verti-
 richly apparell in cloth of gold like a hydragrame, and in stead
 of glasse Kolumary, the houses of the Kaimne, (being the signs
 of that celestiall three-house where he liue, to be married to the
 Spring) were not like your common houses parcell-gilt,
 but double double-gilt, with the liquid gold that melted from his
 beames, by the topere of the Larkes song at his window every
 morning, the fightingale every night: the Cuckoo (like a single

Vpon the 12.
 of March the
 Spring begins
 by reason of
 the Sunnes en-
 trance into A,

The wonderfull yeare.

sole ruler, that rules from Tauerne to Tauerne) plide it all the
 day long: Lanes strate up and down in the bancks, hies and
 Coates kept to and fro on the open spaces: Where were lat pi-
 ping country wenchs singing: Lanes made wenchs for their
 Lanes, whilst they made Cowards for their Lovers: And as
 the Country was frolicke, so was the Citie merry: Wine Trees
 (which grow no where but in the Garden of peace) then (as com-
 mon as Beech trees at Epiphany) at every mans doore, boun-
 ches of Palme were in every mans hand: Streets were full of
 people, people full of joy: every house seemed to have a Lorde of
 misrule in it, in every house there was so much merrity: no Scrutch-
 Ale frightened the silly Countryman at midnight, nor any Whore
 the Citizen at noon-day: but all was merrity, calm, and a still tra-
 ser, all joy, as if the Spheres had bene playing in Consonant.
 In conclusion, heaven lookt like a Pallace, and the great hall of
 the earth, like a Banquet. But at the last, when the greatest of
 men / A world of light and shin shone in the heavens: /
 Just in the midst of this luckie Holy-day, a storme came in the
 west; all shewd from the toppe of a Rich-mount, descended a
 bitious tempest, that shooke Cedars, terrified the tallest Pines,
 and cleit in shunder even the hardest hearts of Oaks: And if such
 great trees were shaken, what shooke you became of the tender
 Eglington, and humble Rain-bowes: they could not (doubtlesse)
 but weep, they could not chide but with the terror. The Cle-
 ment (taking the Delivians part, who indeed set abroad this mis-
 chiefe, scolded on the earth, and filling her his forehead full of
 blacke wrinkles, tumbling long by and downe (like a great bel-
 loped wife) her sighes being whistling, and her groanes thun-
 der, at length she fell in labour, and was delivered of a pale, mea-
 gre, weak child, named Sicknesse, whom Death (with a pesti-
 lence) would needs take upon him to nurse, and did so. This
 Starveling being come to his full growth, had an office given him
 for nothing (and that's a wonder in this age) Death made him his
 Verand: attired him like a Courtier, and (in his name) charged
 him to goe into the White Chamber of the English Quene, to
 summon her to appeare in the Star-chamber of heaven.
 The summons made her start, but (having an invincible
 spirit)

The Queenes
 sickness.

The wonderfull yeare.

spirit) did not amaze her: yet when would not the certain
 selves of passing from a Kingdome amaze! But she knew
 where to fynde a richer, and therefore lightie regarded the losse
 of this, and therefore made ready for that beaustie Cozon-
 nation, being (which was most strange) most duffull to obey, that
 had so many yeares so potently commaunded. She obeyed
 deaths messenger, and yielded her body to the handes of death
 himselfe, she dyed, resigning her soule to posteritie, and her
 body to immortalitye.

Her death

The report of her death (like a thunder-clap) was able to
 kill thousands; it took away hearts from millions: for having
 brought up (even under her wing) a nation that was almost de-
 gotten and borne under her, that would haue any other Ave
 than for her name, neuer sawe the face of any Prince but her
 selfe, neuer understood what that strange out-loudly word
 Change signified: how was it possible, but that her sickness
 should thus abound in universal feare, and her death an affo-
 nishment: she was the Counties treasure, therefore he had
 cause to mourne: the Kingses choice of wife, he might well
 faint: the Merchants patronesse, he had reason to lorne pale:
 the Citizens mother, he might well lament: the Wythebeards
 Goddesse, and should not be wept: Only the Woodman, who
 had walkt a long time upon broken legs, and was not able to
 gine Armes, though he were a Gentleman, but lying up the
 quills of his little Wychingus mustache, and smocke by no beggers
 that now was the house come for him to sellere his stumps:
 Drunkers and Brokers (that are the Devils Judges, and dwell in
 the long-lane of hell) quailt like aspen leaues at his cates:
 those that before were the only cat-throates in London, now
 stode in feare of no other death: but my Signior Soldado was
 decreed, the Leagende went not forwaie.

The generall
 terror that her
 death bred.

Never did the English Nation behold so much black toozine
 as there was at her funeral: It was then but put on, to try if
 it were fit, for the great day of mourning was set downe (in the
 booke of heauen) to be held afterwards: that was but the dumb
 syrie, the weeping and the wailing was playing ever since. Her Burie
 (as it was sayd) should be in water swimming in water, for

The wonderfull yeare.

round about it there rained shouers of teares, about her deay-
 bed none; for her departure was so sudden and so strange, that
 men knew not how to weep, because they had neuer bin taught
 to shed teares of that making. They that durst not speake their
 sorowes, whisperd them: they that durst not whisper, sent them
 forth in sighes. Oh what an Earth-quake is the alteration of
 a State! Look from the Chamber of Presence, to the Farmers
 cottage, and you shall finde nothing but distraction: the whole
 Kingdome leemes a wilderness, and the people in it are transpor-
 ted to wild men. The Day of a Countrey so pittifullie dis-
 tracted by the hazard of a change, if you desire perfectlie to behold,
 cast your eyes then on this that followes, which being heretofore
 in private presented to the King, I thinke may very worthily
 shew it selfe before you: And because you shall see them attired in
 the same fashion that they wore before his Maiestie, let these few
 lines (which stande then as Prologue to the rest) enter first into
 your eares.

Not for applauses, shallow fooles adventure,
 I plunge my verse into a sea of censure,
 But with a liver drest in gall, to see
 So many Rookes, catch-polls of poesie,
 That feede vpon the fallings of hie wit,
 And put on cast inuentions, most vnfit,
 For such am I prest forth in shops and stalls,
 Pasted in Powles, and on the Lawyers walls,
 For euery Basilisk-eyde Criticks bait;
 To kill my verse, or poison my conceit;
 Or some simoakt gallant, who at wit repines,
 To dry Tobacco with my holesome lines,
 And in one paper sacrifice more braine,
 Than all his ignorant scull could ere containe:
 But merit dreads no martirdome; nor stroke,
 My lines shall liue, when he shall be all smoke.

Thus saith the Prologue, who leauing the stage cleere,
 the staires that are byed in the womb of this sitting kingdome.

The wonderfull yeare.

do next stop by, acting thus.

THe great impostume of the realme was drawne
Euen to a head: the multitudinous spawne
Was the corruption, which did make it swell
With hop'd sedition (the burnt seed of hell.)
Who did expect but ruine, blood, and death,
To share our kingdome, and diuide our breath?
Religions without religion,
To let each other blood, confusion
To be next Queene of *England*, and this yeere
The ciuill warres of *France* to be plaid heere
By English-men, russians, and pandering slaues.
That faine would dig vp gowtie vsurers graues:
At such a time, villaines their hopes do honey,
And rich men looke as pale as their white money.
Now they remoue, and make their silver sweate,
Casting themselues into a couetous heate,
And then (vnseene) in the confederate darke,
Bury their gold without or Priest, or Clarke,
And say no prayers ouer that dead pelfe,
True: gold's no Christian, but an Indian elfe.
Did not the very kingdome seeme to shake
Her precious massie limbes? did she not make
All English cities (like her pulses) beate
With people in their veines? the feare so great,
That had it not bene phisickt with rare peace,
Our populous bower had lessend her increase.
The Spring-time that was dry, had sprong in blood,
A greater dearth of men, than e're of foode:
In such a panting time, and gasping yeare,
Victuals are cheapest, only men are deere.
Now each wise-acred Landlord did dispaire,
Fearing some villaine should become his heire,
Or that his sonne and heire before his time,
Should now turne villaine, and with violence clime
Vp to his life, saying, father you haue seene

The wonderfull yeare.

King *Henry, Edward, Mary*, and the *Queene*,
I wonder you'le liue longer! then he tells him
Hees loth to see him kild, therefore he kills him.
And each vast Landlord dyes lyke a poore slaue,
Their thousand acres make them but a graue,
At such a time great men conuey their treasure
Into the trusty Citie: wayt the leisure
Of bloud and insurrection, which warre clips,
When every gate shutts vp her Iron lips
Imagine now a mighty man of dust,
Stands in doubt, what seruant he may trust,
With plate worth thousands: Jewels worth farre more,
If he proue false, then his rich Lord proues poore:
He calls forth one by one, to note their graces,
Whilst they make legs he copies out their faces,
Examines their eye-browe, consters their beard,
Singles their Nose out, still he rests asfeard:
The first that comes by no meanes heele allow,
Has spied three Hares starting betweene his brow,
Quite turns the word, names it *Celeritie*,
For Hares do run away, and so may he:
A second shewne: him he will scarce behold,
His beard's too red, the colour of his gold:
A third may please him, but tis hard to say,
A rich man's please, when his goods part away,
And now do chierup by, fine golden nests
Of well hatcht bowles: such as do breed in feasts,
For warre and death cupboords of plate downe pulls,
Then *Bacchus* drinckes not in gilt-bowles, but skulls.
Let me descend and stoope my verse a while,
To make the Comicke cheek of *Poesie* smile,
Ranck peny-fathers scud (with their halfe hammes,
Shadowing their calues) to saue their siluer dammes,
At every gun they start, tilt from the ground,
One drum can make a thousand *Vsurers* sownd.
In vnought Allies and vnholosome places,
Back-ways and by-lanes, where appeare fewe faces,

In

The wonderfull yeare.

In shamble-smelling roomes, loathsome prospect,
And penny-lattice-windowes, which reiects
All popularitie: there the rich Cubs lurke,
When in great houses ruffians are at worke,
Not dreaming that such glorious booties lye
Vnder those nasty roofes: such they passe by
Without a search, crying there's nought for vs,
And wealthe men deceiue poore villaines thus.
Tongue-trauelling Lawyers sinit at such a day,
Lye speechlesse, for they haue no words to say.
Phisitions turne to patients, their Arts dry,
For then our fat men without phisick dye.
And to conelude, against all Art and good,
Warre taints the Doctor, lets the Surgiou blood.

Such was the fashion of this Land, when the great Land-
Laby thereof left it: Shee came in with the fall of the leafe, and
went away in the Spring: her life (which was dedicated to Vir-
ginitie, both beginning & closing vp a miraculous Spawne circle:
for she was borne vpon a Lady Que, and died vpon a Lady Que:
her Patiuitie & death being memorabable by this wonder: the first
and last yeares of her Maie by this, that a Lee was Loyde
Spain: when she came to the Crowne, and a Lee Loyde Spain:
when she departed from it. These places are made famous by her
for these things, Greenwich for her birth, Richmount for her
death, White-Hall for her Funerall: vpon her remouing from
whence, (to lend our firing prose a breathing time) stay, and look
vpon these Epigrams, being composed.

1. Vpon the Queenes last Remoue *being dead.*

THE Queene's remou'de in solemne sort,
Yet this was strange, and seldome scene,
The Queene vsde to remoue the Court,
But now the Court remou'de the Queene.

2. Vpon

The wonderfull yeare.

2. Vpon her bringing by water

to White Hall.

THe Queene was brought by water to White Hall,
At every stroake the owers teares let fall.

More clung about the Barge: Fish vnder water
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and sworn blind after.
I thinke the Barge-men might with easier thyes
Haue rowde her thither in her peoples eyes.
For howsoe're, thus much my thoughts haue skand,
S'had come by water, had she come by land.

3. Vpon her lying dead at

White Hall.

THe Queene lies now at White Hall dead,
And now at White Hall liuing,
To make this rough obiection euen,
Dead at White Hall at Westminster,
But liuing at White-Hall in Heauen.

Thus you see that both in her life and her death she was appointed to be the mirror of her time: And surely, if since the first stone that was layd for the foundation of this great house of the world, there was euer a yeare ordained to be wondered at, it is only this: the Sibils, Octogefimus, Octauus Annus, that same terrible 88. which came lapping hither in the Spanish Armada, and made mens hearts colder then the frozen Zone, when they heard but an inckling of it: that 88. by whose horrible predictions, Almanack-makers shode in bodily feare their trade would be bitterly overthrowne, and poore Erra Pater was threatned (because he was a Iew) to be put to baser offices, than the stopping of mustard-pots, that same 88. which had more prophecies waiting at his heels, than euer Merlin the *Spanitian* had in his hand, was a yeare of Iubile to this. *Platoes Mirabilis*

Annus,

1603. A more
wonderfull
yeare than 88.

The wonderfull yeare.

Amur, (whether it be past already, or to come within these foure yeares) may the two Platoes say at *Minerals*, so; that little of wonderfull is bestowed vpon 1603. If that sacred Aromatickly-perfumed fire of wit (out of whose flames Phoenix poesse doth arise) were burning in any heelt, I would faine it with no other stuffe so; a threemonth and a day than with kindling papers full of lines, that should tell only of the chances, changes, and strange shapcs that this *Myotian* Channicercall yeare hath metamorphosed himselfe into. It is able to find ten *Chronicles* a competent lining, and to let twentie *Printers* at worke. You shall perceiue I lye not, if (with *Peter Bales*) you will take the paines to diuise the whole volume of it into the compasse of a pennis. As first, to begin with the *Quenes* death, then the *Kingdomes* falling in to an Ague vpon that. Next, folloves the curing of that feauer by the hole some receipt of a proclaimed King. What wonder beget maps, to in an hours, two mightie Nations were made one: wilde Ireland became tame on the sudden, and some English great ones that before sucked tame, on the sudden turned wilde: The same *Duke* which great *Julius Caesar* inclosed, to hold in that *Dire* whom they before hunted, being now circled (by a second *Caesar*) with stronger pales to keepe them from leaping ouer. And last of all (if that wonder be the last and shut vp the yeare) a most dreadfull plague. This is the abstract, and yet (like *Stowes Chronicle* of *Decimo sexto* to huge *Hollinhead*) these small prickes in this *Deck*-card of ours, represent mightie Countreys; whilst I haue the quill in my hand, let me blow them bigger.

The *Quene* being honored with a *Diademe* of *Starres*, *France*, *Spain*, and *Belgia*, lift up their heads, preparing to do as much so; *England* by giuing ayne, whilst she shot arrowes at her owne heelt (as they imagined) as she had done (many a yeare together) so; them: and her owne Nation betted on their sides, looking with distracted countenances so; no better guests than *Ciuill Sedition*, *Thyozes*, *Rapes*, *Murders*, and *Shallacres*. But the wheele of *Fate* turned, a better Lottery was drawne, *Pro Troia stabat Apollo*, God stuck valiantlie to vs. So; behold, by rises a comfortable Sun out of the North, whole glorious

The wonderfull yeare.

King James
proclaimed.

beames (like a fan) disperſed all thick and contagious cloudes,
The loſſe of a *Queene*, was paid with the double intereſt of a
king and *Queene*. The Cedar of her government which ſtood
alone and bare no fruit, is changed now to an *Olive*, vpon whose
ſpreading branches grow both kings and *Queenes*. Wh it were
able to fill a hundred paire of writing tables with notes, but to ſee
the parts plaid in the compaſſe of one houre on the ſtage of this
new-found world! Vpon *Thurs* day it was treason to cry God
ſave king James king of *England*, and vpon *Friday* hye treason
not to cry ſo. In the morning no voice heard but murmures and
lamentation, at none nothing but ſhoutes of gladnes & triumphe.
S. George and *S. Andrew* that many hundred yeares had deſied
one another, were now ſworne brothers; *England* and *Scotland*
(being parted only with a narrow *Riuer*, and the people of both
Empires ſpeaking a language leſſe differing than english within
it ſelfe, as the providence had enacted, that one day thoſe two Na-
tions ſhould marry one another) are now made ſure together,
and king James his *Coronation*, is the ſolemn wedding day.
Happieſt of all the *Anceſtors* (thou mirror of all *Princes* that e-
uer were or are) that at ſeaſen of the clock wert a king but over
a peece of a little *Iland*, and beſore eleven the greateſt Monarch
in *Chriſtendome*. Now

——— Silver Crowds

Of bliſſfull Angels and tryed Martirs tread
On the Star-ſeeing ouer *England*s head:
Now heaven broke into a wonder, and brought forth
Our *omne bonum* from the holeſome North
(Our fruitfull ſouereigne) *James*, at whose dread name
Rebellion ſwounded, and (ere ſince) became
Groueling and nerue-leſſe, wanting bloud to nourish,
For Ruine gnawes her ſelfe when kingdomes flouriſh,
Now are our hopes planted in regall ſprings,
Neuer to wither, for our aire breeds kings:
And in all ages (from this ſoueraigne time)
England ſhall ſtill be cald the royall clime.
Moſt bliſſfull Monarch of all earthen powers,
Seru'd with a meſſe of kingdomes, ſoure ſuch bowers

(For

The wonderfull yeare.

(For prosprous hiues, and rare industrious swarmes)

The world containes not in her solid armes.

O thou that art the Meeter of our dayes,

Poets Apollo! deale thy Daphnean bayes

To those whose wits are bay-trees, euer greene,

Vpon whose hye tops, Poetrie chirps vnseene:

Such are most fit, & apparell Kings in rimes,

Whose siluer numbers are the Muses chimes,

Whose spritely characters (being once wrought on)

Out-line the marble th'are insculpt vpon:

Let such men chant thy vertues, then they flye

On Learnings wings vp to Eternitie.

As for the rest, that limp (in cold desert)

Hauing small wit, lesse iudgement, and least Arte

Their verse! tis almost heresie to heare,

Banish their lines some furlong, from thine eares

For tis held dang'rous (by Apolloes signe)

To be infected with a leoprous line.

O make some Adamant Act (ne're to be worne)

That none may write but those that are true-borne:

So when the worlds old cheekes shall race and peelee,

Thy Acts shall breath in Epitaphs of Steele.

By these Comments it appears that by this time King James is proclaimed: now does fresh blood leap into the cheekes of the Courtier; the Souldier now hangs by his armes; and is glad that he shall feede vpon the blessed fruits of peace: the Scholler sings Hymnes in hono^r of the Muses, assuring himselfe now that Helicon will be kept pure, because Apollo himselfe drinks of it. Now the thurstie Citizen casts beyond the Rhone, and seeing the golden age returned into the world againe, resolves to worship no Saint but money. Trades that lay dead & rotten, and were in all mens opinion utterly damnd, started out of their trance, as though they had drunke of *Aqua Celestis*, or Unicornees home, and swoze to fall to their olde occupation. Playoys meant no moze to be called Merchant-playoys, but Merchants, for their shops were all lead forth in leases, to be turned into ships, and with their sheares (in stead of a Rudder) would they

The loyes that followed vpon his proclayming.

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have cut the Bees (like the want of Affay) and sayd to the world
 I neede for no worse stuffe to make hose and doublets of, than
 beaten gold: & if the necessitie of the time (which was likely
 to stand altogether upon brauery) should perswade them to serue
 with their iron and Spanish weapons upon their shalle, then was
 there a sharp law made amongst them, that no workeman should
 handle any needle but that which had a peece in his eye, nor any
 copper thimble, vntill it were linde quite through, or burnt with
 silver. What Mechanicall hardbanded Vulcanist (seeing the
 dice of Fortune run so sweetly, and resolving to strike whilst the
 iron was hot) but perswaded himselfe to be spawler or head
 Warden of the company ere halfe a yeare went about: The
 worst players boy stode upon his good parts, swearing tragically
 and busking oaths, that holy villainously loeuer he ranted, or
 what bad and vniuersall action neuer he entred into, he would in
 despite of his honest audience, he haile a sharer (at least) at home,
 or else strolche (that is to say, trauell) with some notorious wicked
 scoundring companie abroade. And god reason had these time-
 catchers to be led into this sales paradise, for there shew mirth in
 every mans face, the streets were plund with gallants, Tobacco-
 ronists, his by whole Tavernes: Wintres hung out spick and
 span new foye bushes (because they wanted good wine) and their
 old raine-beaten lattices marcht under other collops, having lost
 both company and collops before. London was neuer in the high
 way to preferment till now; now she resolved to stand upon her
 pantoffles; now (and neuer till now) did she laugh to scorn that
 woyme-eaten paunch of Lincolne was, London is, and Yorke
 shall be, for she sold her selfe in better state then Ierusalem, she
 spent more gallant then ever did Antwerp, was more courted
 by amorous and lustie suiters then Venice (the minion of Italy)
 more lustie towers stood (like a Coronet, or a spangled bead-fire)
 about her Temples, then ever did about the beautilfull forehead
 of Rome: Tyrus and Sydon to her were like two spatcht houn-
 ses, to Theobals: the grand Gays but a hogsty. *Hinc illa lacrima,*
 she swept her belly full for all this. Whilst Troy was swelling
 sack and sugar, and melting fat venison, the man-Greekes made
 bonfires of their houses: Old Priam was drinking a health to
 the

The wonderfull yeare.

the wooden horse, and before it could be plough had his throat cut. Come to no sooner ripe, but for all the picking up of his eares he is part off by the thins, and made to go upon stumps. Flowers no sooner budded, but they are pluckt and dye, Night walks at the heels of the day, and sorrow enters (like a tawerne ball) at the tail of our pleasures: for in the Appenine height of this iammodes rate joy and securitie (that like Idulles people over-lost the whole Citie) Behold, that miracle-worher, who in one minute turns our generall mourning to a generall mirth, does nado a gaine in a moment alter that gladnes to stylkes & lamentation.

Here would I saime make a full point, because posteritie should not be frighted with those miserable tragedies, which now my muse (as Chorus) stands ready to present. Time would thou hadst neuer bin made wretched by bringing them forth: Oblivion would in all the granes and sepulchers, whose ranche salues thou hast already closd vp, or shalt yet hereafter burst open, thou couldst likewise bury them for ever.

A stiffe and freezing horror sucks up the rivers of my blood: my haire stands an end with the panting of my bzaines: mine eye balls are ready to start out being beaten with the billowes of my teares: out of my weeping pen does the inch mollenestillie and moze bitterly than gall drop on the palefac'd paper, euen when I do but thinke how the bowels of my sick country haue bin toyne. Apollo therefore and you belwitching sluer-tongd spules, get you gone, I haueate none of your names: Sorrow & Death, sit you on each side of me, whilst I am deliuered of this deadly burden: prompt me that I may utter rothfull and passionate conuollement: arme my trembling hand, that it may boldly rip up and Anatomize the vicerous body of this Anthropophagized plague: lend me Act (without any counterfet shadowing) to paint and delineate to the life the whole story of this mostall & pestiferous battaile, and you the ghosts of those moze (by many) then 40000. that with the virulent poison of infection haue bin driuen out of your earthlie dwellings: you desolate hand-wyning widowers, that beate your bosomes over your departing husbands: you woollolly distraged mothers that with dishevel'd haire sake into swoonds, whilst you lye kissing the insensible cold

The Plague.

Anthropophagi are Scythians that feede on mens flesh.

The wonderfull yeare.

lips of your breathlesse Infants: you out-cast and dolefull-troden
Orphanes, that shall many a yeare hence remember more truly
ly to mourne, when your mourning garments shall looke olde
and be forgotten: And you the Genij of all those emptyed fami-
lies, whose habitations are now among the Antipodes: Joyne
all your hands together, and with your bodies cast a ring about
me: let me behold your ghastly visages, that my paper may re-
ceiue their true pictures: Eccho forth your grones through the
hollow truncke of my pen, and raine downe your gummy teares
into mine Incke, that euen marble bosomes may be shaken with
terror, and hearts of Adamant melt into compassion.

What an unmatchable torment were it for a man to be hard
by every night in a vast silent Charnell-house: hung (to make it
more hideous) with lamps dimly & slowly burning, in hollow and
glimmering corners: where all the pavement should in stead of
greene rushes, be strewe with blasted Rosemary, withered Hy-
acinthes, fatall Cypresse and Ewe, thickly mingled with heapes of
dead mens bones: the bare ribbes of a father that begat him, lying
there: here the Chaplesse hollow skull of a mother that bore him:
round about him a thousand Coarces, some standing bolt up-
right in their knotted winding sheetes: others halfe monized in
rotten Coffins, that should suddenly yawne wide open, filling
his nostrils with noysome stench, and his eyes with the sight of
nothing but crawling worms. And to keepe such a poore wretch
waking, he should hear no noyse but of Loads croaking, & creak-
ing, howling, Pandzaes shrieking: were not this an infer-
nall prison: would not the strongest-barted man (best with such
a ghastly horror) looke wilde: and runne madde: and die: And
euen such a formidable Shape did the diseased Citty appeare in:
For he that durst (in the dead houre of gloomy midnight) haue
bene so valiant, as to haue walkt through the still and melancholy
streets, what thinke you should haue bene his musicks: Surely
the loude grones of raving sicke men: the struggling panges of
soules departing: In every house grieke striking by in Allarum:
Seruants crying out for maisters: wiues for husbands, parents
for children, children for their mothers: here he should haue met
some frantically running to knock by persons, there others tear-
fully

The wonderfull yeare.

filly sweating with Coffins, to steale forth dead bodies, least the fatall hand-wyting of death should scale by their dyes. And to make this dismal comfort more full, round about him Bells hea- nily tolling in one place, and ringing out in another: The dread- fulnesse of such an houre, is in-utterable: let vs goe further.

If some poore man, suddenly starting out of a sweet and gol- den slumber, should behold his house flaming about his eares, all his family destroyed in their sleepes by the merrelllesse fire; himselfe in the vemie midst of it, woefully and like a madde man calling for helpe: would not the misery of such a distressed soule, appeare the greater, if the rich glurur. dwelling next doore to him, should not stirre, (though he felt part of the danger) but suffer him to perishe, when the thundring out of an arme might haue saued him? O how many thousands of wretched people haue acted this poore mans part? how often hath the amazed husband waking, found the comfort of his bedde lying breathlesse by his side! his childezen at the same instant gasping for life! and his seruants mortally wounded at the hart by sickness: the distracted creature, beats at deaths doores, exclaymes at winowes, his cries are sharp enough to pierce heauen, but on earth no eare is open to receiue them.

And in this maner do the tedious minutes of the night stretch out the serowes of ten thousand: It is now day, let vs looke forth and try what Consolation rises with the Sun: not any, not any: for before the Jewell of the morning be fully set in silver, a hun- dred hungry granes stand gaping, and euery one of them (as at a breakfast) hath swallowed downe ten or eleuen liues carcasses: before dinner, in the same gulfe are twice so many more deuou- red: and before the sun takes his rest, those numbers are doubled: Whylscoze that not many houres before had euery one seuerall lodgings very delicately furnisht, are now thrust altogether into one close roome: a little little noisom roome: not fully ten sote square. Doth not this strike coldly to y hart of a worldly miser? To some, the very sound of deaths name, is in stead of a passing-bell: what shall become of such a coward, being told that the selfe-same bodie of his, which now is so pampered with superfluous fare, so persu- med and bathed in odoriferous waters, and so gaily apparellled in varietie of fashions, must one day be throwne (like stinking carion) into a rank & rotten grane; where his goodly eyes, yd did once shewe
forth:

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forth such amorous glances, must be eaten out of his head: his
 lockes that hang wantonly dangling, troden in dust vnder foote:
 this doublet (like thunder) must needs strike him into the earth.
 But (wretched man!) when thou shalt lie, and be assured (by to-
 kens sent thee from heauen) that tomorrow thou must be tum-
 bled into a Spoke-pit, and suffer thy body to be humbled and press
 with thier frozen dead men, lying stonely vpon thee, and thou to
 be vndermost of all: yea and perhaps halfe of that number were
 thine enemies! (and see howe they may be reuenged, for the
 wronges that haue out of their putrifying carcases, shall crawle
 in huge swarmes from them, and quite deuoure thee) what ago-
 nies wilt this strange newnes bring this into? If thou art in loue
 with thy selfe, this cannot chafe but possesse thee with frenzie.
 But thou art gotten safe (out of the ciuill citie Calanitie) to the
 Parkes and Pallaces in the Countrey: lading thy Mares and thy
 Oxen with thy gold, (thy god), thy plate, and thy Jewels: and
 the fruites of thy wombe thyselfe growing by but in one onely
 sonne, (the young Landlord of all thy carefull labours) him also
 hast thou rescued from the arrowes of infection: Now is thy soule
 iocular, and thy senses merry. But open thine eyes thou Foole!
 and behold that darling of thine eye, (thy sonne) turned suddenly
 into a hump of clay: the hand of pestilence hath smote him euen
 vnder thy wing: Now dost thou rent thine haire, blaspheming thy
 Creator, curst thy creation, and basely descendest into brutish
 & vnnaturally passions, threatening in despits of death & his Plague,
 to maintaine the memory of thy childe, in the everlasting brest of
 Marble: a tombe must now defend him from tempests: And for
 that purpose, the sweetest kinde (that digs the rent he paires thee out
 of the entrailles of the earth) he is sent for, to conuey forth that
 burden of thy sorrow: But note how thy pride is discomfited: that
 weather-beaten sun-burnt vnder, that not a month since layd
 vpon thy worship like a Sparrell, and like a bond-slave, would
 haue slept lower than thy fate; does now stoppe his nose at thy
 presence, and is ready to set his Spall as hye as thy throat, to
 bring thee from his doze: all thy golde and siluer cannot hire one
 of those (whom before thou dost scorne) to carry the dead body to
 his last home: the Countrey round about thee than thee as a Be-
 stiall

The wonderfull yeare.

Strike, and therfore to London (from whose armes thou cowardly
flyest away) poast vpon poast must be galloping, to fetch from
thence those that may performe that Funerall office: But there
are they so full of grane-matters of their owne, that they haue no
leisure to attend thine: both not this cut thy very heart strings in
lunder: If that do not, the shutting vp of this Tragical Act, I am
sore wll: for thou must be intyred with thine owne handes, to
winde vp (that blasted flower of youth) in the last linen; that
euer he shall weare: vpon thine owne shoulders, must thou beare
part of him, thy amazed seruant the other with thine owne handes
must thou dig his grane, (not in the Church, or common place of
buriall,) thou hast not fauour (for all thy riches) to be so happy,
but in thine *Oxhards*; or in the proude walkes of thy *Gar-den*,
twinging thy pale-shaking handes in stead of belles, (most mis-
erable father) must thou search him out a sepulcher.

My spirit growes faint with rowling in this *Stregian* ferry,
it can no longer endure the transportation of soules in this dole-
full-manner: let vs therfore shift a point of our *Compass*, and
(since there is no remedie, but that we must still be tost vp and
downe in this *Mare mortuum*;) hoist vp all our sailes, and on the
merry winges of a lastier winde seek to arrive on some prospe-
rous Shoare.

Imagine then that all this while, *Death* (like a Spanish *Lea-
gar*, or rather like *Ralking Tamberlaine*) hath pitcht his tents,
(being nothing but a heape of winding sheetes tackt together) in
the sinfully-polluted Suburbs: the *Plague* is *Puffer-maister*
and *Parshall* of the field: *Burning Feauers*, *Boyles*, *Blaines*,
and *Carbuncles*, the *Leaders*, *Lieutenants*, *Sericants*, and
Coxpoyalls: the maine Army consisting (like *Dunkirke*) of a min-
gle-mangle, viz. *Diampish Spourers*, merry *Destons*, hungry
Coffin-sellers, scrubbing *Beacers*, and nasty *Grane-makers*:
but indeed they are the *Pioners* of the *Campe*, that are employ-
ed onely (like *Goles*) in casting vp of earth and digging of tren-
ches; *Feare* and *Trembling* (the two *Catch-poles* of *Death*) ar-
rest every one: *Spasme* will be granted, no composition shew
vpon, But the *Alarm* is stricke vp, the *Toxin* rings out for
life, and no voice heard but *Tue, Tue, Kill, Kill, the little
Belles*

The wonderfull yeare.

Belles onely (like small shot) do yet goe off, and make no great woyle for woymes, a hundred or two lost in euery skirmish, or so; but alas thats nothing: yet by those desperat sallies, what by open setting vpon them by day, and secret Ambuscadoes by night, the skirts of London were pittifully pared off, by little and little: which they within the gates perceiuing, it was no boot to bid them take their hooles, for away they trudge thicke & threefolde, some riding, some on soles, some without bootes, some in their slippers, by water, by land, In shoales swim they west-ward, many to Grauesend none went buttles they were diuyn, for whosoener landed there neuer came back again: Hacknies, watermen & Wagons, were not so terribly employed many a yeare; so y^e within a short time, there was not a good horse in Smithfield, nor a Coach to be set eye on. For after the world had once run vpon the wheeles of the Pest-cart, neither coach nor carouch durst appeare in his likeness.

Let vs pursue these rmmatuales no longer, but leane them in the vnnmerciful hands of the Country-hard-hearted Hobbinolls, (who are ordaind to be their Toymentors,) and returne backe to the siege of the Citty: for the enemy taking aduantage by their flight, planted his ordinance against the walls; here the Canons (like their great Bells) roard: the Plague took soze paines for a breach; he labd about him cruelly, ere he could get it, but at length he and his tiranous band entred; his purple colours were presently (with the sound of Bow bell in stead of a trumpet) aduanced, and logoed to the Standard of the Citty; he marcht enen thorough Cheapside, and the capitall straits of Troynouant: the only blot of dishonour that struck vpon this Innader, being this, that he plaide the tyant, not the conqueror, making hauock of all, when he had all lying at the foote of his marry. Wen, women & children dyopt downe before him; houses were rified, straites ransackt, beaultifull maydens throtone on their beddes, and ransackt by sickness, rich mens Coffers broken open, and shared amongst poore gall beires and vniustitie seruants, poore men whose power, but not pittifully: he did very much hurt, yet some say he did verie much good. Whosoener he behaued himselfe, this intelligence runs current, that euery house lookt like St. Bartholmewes Hospitall, and

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and euery streete like Bucklersbury, for poyze Methridatum and Dragon-water (being both of them in all the world, scarce worth three-pence) were best in euery corner, and yet were both drunk every houre at other mens cost. Lazarus laie groining at euery mans doore, many no Diues was within to send him a crum, (for all your Gold-fishes were fled to the woods) nor a dogge left to lick by his sores, for they (like Curres) were knockt downe like Otten, and fel thicker then Acornes.

I am amazed to remember what dead Sparches were made of three thousand trooping together, husbands, wiues & children, being led as ordinarily to one graue, as if they had gone to one bed. And those that could shift for a time, and shrink their heads out of the collar (as many did) yet went they (most bitterly) mitching and muffled by & downe with Rue and Wormewood stuff into their eares and nostrills, looking like so many Boxes heads struck with branches of Kosemary, to be serued in for Watone at Christmas.

This was a rare wayde for the Church, who had wont to complaine for want of lining, and now had more lining thrust vpon her, than she knew how to bestow: to haue bene Clarke now to a parish Clarke, was better then to serue some swith Justice of Peace, or than the yeare before to haue had a Benefice. Sermons came out, if they might (as they hoped) continue these doings but a tweluemoneth longer, they and their posteritie would all ryde vpon watercloathes to the ende of the world. Amongst which worme-eaten generation, the three bald Sermons of limping Saint Gyles, Saint Sepulchres, and Saint Olaues, rule the roasts more hotly, than euer did the Triumuir of Rome. Iehochanan, Symeon, and Eleazar, neuer kept such a plaguy cople in Ierusalem among the hanger-starued Iewes, as these three Sharkers did in their Parishes among naked Christians. Cursed they were I am sure by some to the pitte of hell, for tearing money out of their throates, that had not a crosse in their purses. But alas! they must haue it, it is their frae, and therefore giue the diuel his due: Onely Hearbe-wiues and Gardeners (that neuer prayed before, vntill it were for Raine or faire Weather, were now day and night vpon their marybones, that God would blesse the labors of those mole-

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catchers, because they sucke sweetnesse by this, for the price of flowers, pearces and garlands, rose wonderfully, in so much that Rosemary which had wont to be sold for 12. pence an arme full, went now for six shillings a handfull.

A fourth Tharer likewise (these winding-sheet-weavers) deserves to have my paine giue his lippes a Iewes Letter, but because he wooships the Bakers good Lord & Paister, charitable for Clement (whereas none of the other that ever had to do with any Saint) he shall scape the better: only let him take heed, that having all this yeare buried his prayers in the bellies of fat ones, and plump Capon-eaters, (for no worse meat would do to this Sly-fors stomach) let him I say take heed least (his flesh now falling away) his carcas be not plagued with leane ones, of which (while the bill of Lord haue mercy vpon vs, was to be denied in no place) it was death for him to heare.

In this pittifull (or rather pittilesse) perplexitie stood London, forsaken like a Lover, forsorne like a widow, and disarmed of all comfort: disarmed I may wel say, for fine Rapiers were not stirring all this time, and those that were worne had neuer bin scene, if any money could haue bene lent vpon them, so hungry is the Estridge disease, that it will deuoure euen Iron: let vs therefore with bag & baggage march away from this dangerous soze Citie, and visit those that are fled into the Countrey. But alas! Decidit in Scyllam, you are peppered if you visit them, for they are visited already: the broad Arrow of Death, lies there by & downe, as swiftly as it doth here: they that rode on the lustiest geldings could not out-gallop the Plague, It over-tooke them, and ouerturned them to horse and foot.

You whom the arrowes of pestilence haue reacht at eighten and twenty soze (tho you stood far enough as you thought fro the marke (you that sickning in the hie way, would haue bene glad of a bed in an Hospitall, and dying in the open felde, haue bene buried like dogs, how much better had it bin for you, to haue been fuller o fyles & plague-sozes than euer was Iob, so you might in that extremity haue receiued both bodily & spiritual comfort, which there was denied you? For those misbelieving Pagans, the plough-drawers, those worse then Infidels, that (like their swine
newer

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neuer looke vp so high as heauen: when Citizens boynded them
they tying their hands, and wisht rather they had saile into the
hands of Spaniards: for the sight of a flat-cap was more dread-
full to a Lob, than the discharging of a Caliver: a treble-ruffe
(being but once named the Merchants set) had power to cast a
whole household into a cold sweate. If one new suite of Backcloth
had bin but knowne to have come out of Buckin-lane (being
the common Wardrope for all their Cloyneships) it had bin
enough to make a Packot towns gine by the ghost. A Crow
that had bin seene in a sunne-shine day, standing on the top of
Bouldes would haue bin better than a Beacon on fire, to haue
rais'd all the towne within ten miles of London, for the heaping
her out.

Peter let any man aske me what became of our Whistlions
in this Passacre, they hid their Synodical heads aswell as the
prowdest: and I cannot blame them, for their Phlebotomies,
Lossinges, and Circuaries, with their Diacatholicons, Diacodi-
ons, Amulets, and Antidotes, had not so much strength to hold
life and soules together, as a pot of Pinders Ale and a Putney:
their bzugs turned to durt, their simples were simple things:
Galen could do no more good, than Sir Giles Coscasep: Hippo-
crates, Auicen, Paracelsus, Rasis, Fernelius, with all their suc-
ceding rabble of Doctors and Water-casters, were at their
witts end, or I thinke rather at the worlds end, for not one of
them durst peepe abroad; or if any one did take vpon him to play
the ventrous knight, the Plague put him to his Nonplus; in
such strange, and such changeable shapes did this Camelion-
like sickness appeare, that they could not (with all the cunning in
their budgets) make pursenets to take him napping.

Only a band of Desper-bewes, some few Empiricall mad-
caps (for they could neuer be worth beluet caps) turned them-
selues into Bees (or more properly into Wones): and went
humming vp and downe, with dony-bzags in their mouthes,
sucking the swatenes of Silver, (and now and then of *Aurum
Potabile*) out of the poison of Blaines and Carbuncles: and these
holly Mountebanks clapt by their bills vpon every post (like a
Pencers Challenge) threatening to canuas the Plague, and to
fight:

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fight with him at all his owne fenerall weapons: I know not how they sped, but some they sped I am sure, for I haue heard them band to the heauens, because they sent those thither, that were wisht to tary longer vpon earth.

I could in this place make your cheekes looke pale, and your hearts shake, with telling how some haue had 18. sores at one time running vpon them, others 10. and 12. many 4. and 5. and how those that haue bin foure times wounded by this peares infection, haue dyed of the last wound, whilst others (that were hurt as often) goe by and dole out now with sounder limmes, then many that come out of France, and the Netherlande. And descending from these, I could bray forth a Catalogue of many poxe wretches, that in fields, in ditches, in common Cages, and vnder stalls (being either thrust by cruell maisters out of doores, or wanting all worldly succor) but the common benefit of earth and aire) haue most miserable perished. But to Chronicle these would weary a second Fabian.

We will therefore play the souldiers, who at the end of any notable battails, with a kind of sad delight rehearse the memorable acts of their friends that lye mangled before them: some shewing how branelly they gaue the onset: some, how politickly they retirede: others, how manfullie they gaue and receined wounds: a fourth steps vp and glories how valiantly he lost an arme: all of them making (by this meanes) the remembrance euen of tragical and mischieuous euents very delectable. Let vs strine to do so, discoursing (as it were at the end of this mortall siege of the Plague) of the fenerall most worthy accidents, and strange birthes which this pestiferous yeare hath brought forth: some of them yelding Cornicall and ridiculous stufte, others lamentable: a third kinde vpholding rather admiration, then laughter or pittie.

As first, to relish the pallat of lickerish expectation, and with all to giue an Item how sudden a stabber this rustianly swagger (Death) is, You must believe, that amongst all the weary number of those that (on their bate-fete) haue trauailed (in this long and heauie vacation) to the Holy land, one (whose name I could for neede bestow vpon you) but that I know you haue no need

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need of it, the many want a good name) lying in that cōmon Time of sicknes, his bed, & seeing the black & blew stripes of the plague sticking on his flesh, which he receiued as tokens (from heauen) that he was presentlie to go dwell in the vpper world, most earnestlie requested, and in a manner coniuured his friend (who came to enterchange a last farewell) that he would see him goe handsomely attird into the wild Irish countrey of woymes, and so; that purpose to bestow a Coffin vpon him: his friend loving him (not because he was poore (yet he was poore) but because he was a scholler: Alack that the West Inioies stand so farre from Vniuersities) and that a minde richly apparelled should haue a thred-bare body:) made faithfull promise to him, that he should be naild vp, he would bury him, and so; that purpose went instantlie to one of the new-found trade of Coffin-cutters, bespake one, and (like the Surveyor of deaths buildings) gaue direction how this little Tenement should be framed, paying all the rent so; it befoze hand. But note vpon what slippery ground life goes! little did he thinke to dwell in that roome himselfe which he had taken so; his friend: yet it seemed the common law of mortallitie had so decreed, so; he was cald into the colde companie of his graue neighbors an houre befoze his infected friend, and had a long lease (euen till doomes day) in the same lodging, which in the strength of health he went to prepare so; the other. What credit therefore is to be given to breath, which like a harlot will runne away with euery minute. How nimble is sickness, and what skill hath he in all the weapons he playes withall: The greatest cutter that takes vp the Mediterranean Ile in Potwles so; his Gallery to walke in, cannot ward off his blowes. Was the best fencer in the world: Vincentio Samolo is no body to him: He has his Pandittas, Ambocataes, Stramazones, and Diocataes at his fingers ends: heele make you giue him ground, though you were neuer worth soles of land, and beat you out of breath, though Aeolus himselfe plaid vpo your wind-pipe.

To witnes which, I will call fo;th a Dutchman (yet now has past calling so; has lost his hearing, so; his eares by this time are eaten off with woymes) who (though he dwelt in Bed-lem) was not mad, yet the very lookes of the Plague (which inuade

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indeede are terrible) put him almost out of his wits, for when the snares of this cunning hunter (the Pestilence) were but newly layd, and yet layd (as my Dutchman smelt it out well enough) to intrap poore men's liues that meant him no hurt, away sneaks my clipper of the kings english, and (because Gunshot-shot should not reach him) to the Low-countries (that are built upon butter-firkins, and holland chéste) sailes this plaguee fogittie, but death, (who hath more authoritie there than all the seauen Electors, and to shew him that there were other Low-countries besides his owne) takes a little Frokin (one of my Dutch runnatwayes chilozen) and sends her packing, into those Netherlands she departed: O how pitifullie lookt my Burgomaster, when he vnderstood that the sickness could swim! It was an easie matter to scape the Dunkirks, but Deaths Gallies made out after him swifter than the great Turks. Which he perceiving, made no more adoe, but hunked to the States sine oꝝ sine healths (because he would be sure to liue well) and back againe comes he, to try the strength of English Water: his old Randeuous of mad-men was the place of meeting, where he was no sooner arrived, but the Plague had him by the back, and arrested him vpon an *Exeat Regnum*, for running to the enemy, so that for the mad tricks he playd to cosen our english woymes of his Dutch carcass (which had bin fatted here) sickness and death clapt him vp in Bedlem the second time, and there he lyes, and there he shall lye till he rot before he meddle any more with him.

But being gotten out of Bedlem, let vs make a iourney to Bristow, taking an honest knowne Citizen along with vs, who with other companie trauielling thither (only for feare the aire of London should conspire to poison him) and setting vp his rest not to heare the sound of Bow-bell till next Christmas, was notwithstanding in the hie way singled out from his companie, and let vpon by the Plague, who bit him stand, and deliuer his life. The rest at that tooke shifted for themselves, and went on, he (amazed to see his friends flye, and being not able to defend himselfe, for who can defend himselfe meeting such an enemy?) yel-ded, and being but about fiftie miles from London, vied all the might he could to get loose out of the hands of death, and so to
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hide himselfe in his owne house, whereupon, he cald for help at the same time, where not long before he and his fellowe pilgrimes obtained for their money (more with more prayers then a beggar makes in three weekes) some and drinke some thirtie pence from the doore. But this house being Iniquitie he repairs againe, confuting the Lutes of selling Spites in it, if they were Christians (that it was well put in) and in the name of God, to succor and rescue him to their power out of the hands of infection, which now assaulted his body: the Diuell would he have bin afraid of this contrition, but they were not, yet afraid they were it selves, for presently the doores had their wooden Ribs thrust in pieces, by being beaten together: the casements were shut more close than an Alkars greasse belnet potch: the shalving windows were hangd, dyatome, and quartred: not a chene but was stoppt, not a moule-hole left open, for all the bolts in the house were most wickedly damnd bype: mine bolts and hostesse ran ouer one an other into the backe side, the maydes into the orchard, quivering and quaking, and ready to hang themselves on the innocent plumb-trées, (for hanging to them would not be so for a death as the plague, and to die maids too horrible!) As for the Chapter, he fled into the Cellar, rapping out fine or fire plaine countrey bathes, that he would dye alone himselfe in a most villainous stand of Ale, if the sick Londoner stode at the doore any longer. But stand there he must, for to go away (well) he cannot, but continues knocking and calling in a faint voyce, which in their eares sounded, as if some starting ghost in a Tragedy had exclaimed vpon Rhadamanth: he might knock til his hands ake, and call til his heart ake, for they were in a worse pickle within, then he was without: he being in a good way to go to heauen, they being so frighted, that they scarce knew wher about heauen stode, onely they all cryed out, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, yet Lord haue mercy vpon vs was the onely thing they feared. The doleful catastrophe of all is, a bed could not be had for all *Babylon*: not a cup of drinke, no, nor cold water be gotten, though it had bin for Alexander the great: if a draught of *Aqua vite* might haue saued his soule, the towne deneged to do God that good service.

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What miserie continues euere the poore man standing thus at deaths doore, and looking every minute when he should be let in, behold, another Londoner that had likewise bin in the *Frigida zona* of the countrey, and was returning (like *Aeneas* out of hel) to the heauen of his owne home, makes a stand at this sight, to play the Physician, and seeing by the complexion of his patient that he was sicke at heart, applies to his soule the best medicines that his comforting speech could make, for there dwelt no Physicary nere enough to helpe his body. Being therefore dyuined out of all other gifts, he leades him into a field (a bundle of straws, which with much adoe he bought for money, seruing in stead of a pillow.) But the Destinies hearing the diseased parties complaine and take on, because he lay in a field-bedde, when before he would haue bene glad of a mattress, for verie spits cutte the thread of his life, the crueltie of which deed made the other (that played *Charities* part) at his wittes end, because he knewe not where to purchase tenne fote of ground for his grave: the Church nor Churchyard would lette none of their landes: maister Vicar was stricke dumbe, and could not giue the dead a good word, neither Clarke nor Sexton could be hired to execute their office, no, they themselves would first be executed: so that he that neuer handled shouel before, gotte his implements about him, ripped vpp the belly of the earth, and made it like a grave, stripped the colde carcase; bound his thirt about his feete, pulled a linnen night cappe ouer his eyes, and so layde him in the rotten bedde of the earth, covering him with clothes cutte out of the same peece: and learning by his last wordes his name and habitation, this sad traualler arrives at *London*, deliuering to the amazed widow and children, instead of a father and a husband, onely the out-side of him, his apparel. But by the way note one thing, the bringer of these heauy things (as if he had liued long enough when so excellent a worke of pietie and pittie was by him finished) the very next day after his conuining home, departed out of this world, to receiue his reward in the Spirituall court of heauen.

It is plaine therefore by the euidence of these two witnesses, that death, like a thief, sets vpon men in the hie way, dogs them into

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into their owne houses, byrakes into their bed-chambers by night, assaults them by day, and yet no law can take hold of him: he denoures man and wife: offers violence to their faire daughters: kills their youthfull sonnes, and deceiues them of their seruants: yea, so full of trecherie is he growne (since this Plague tooke his part) that no Louers dare trust him, nor by their good wills would come neare him, so; he woakes their downfall, euen when their delights are at the highest.

To ripe a p[er]fect haue too of this, in a paire of Louers; the maid was in the p[er]fite of fresh blood and beantie: she was that which to be now is a wonder, yong & yet chaste: the gifts of her mind were great, yet those which fortune bestowed vpon her (as being well descended) were not much inferiour: On this louely creature did a yong man so stedfastly fixe his eye, that her looks kindled in his bolome a desire, whose flames burnt the more brightly, because they were fed with sweet & modest thoughts: Hymen was the God to whom he prayed day and night that he might marry his prayers were receiued, at length (after many tempests of his denial, and scowls of kinsholk) the element grew cleere, & he saw his happy landing place, where he had long sought to arriue: the p[er]fite of his youth was made his owne, & the soleme day appointed when it shuld be deliuered to him. Glad of which blessednes (so; to a louer it is a blessednes) he wrought by al the possible art he could vse to shorten the expected houre, and bying it n[er]er: so; whether he feared the interception of parents, or that his owne soule, with excess of ioy, was drownded in strange passions, he would often, with sighs mingled with kisses, and kisses halfe sinking in teares, propheticallly tel her, that sure he shoulde neuer liue to enioy her. To discredit which opinion of his, behold, the Iuine has made haste and wakened the b[ri]dale morn[ing]. Now does he call his heart traitour, that did so falsly conspire against him: liuely blood leapest into his cheekes: he is got vp; and gaily attirde to play the b[ri]degamme, she likewise does as ruiningly turne her selfe into a b[ri]de: kindred and friends are mette together, loppes and muscadine run sweating vp and down til they drop again, to comfort their hearts, and because so many coffins pestred London Churches;

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that there was no roome left for weddings, Coaches are provided, and away rides all the traine into the Countrey. On a monday morning are these lusty lovers on their journey, and before none are they alighted, entring (insteade of an Inn) for more state into a Church, where they no sooner appeared, but the Priest fell to his business, the holy knot was a tying, but he that should loose it, comming to this, In sicknesse and in health, there he stopt, so suddenly the bride took hold of, in sickness, for in health all that stode by were in feare she should neuer be kept. The maiden-blush into which her cheekes were lately died, now beganne to lose colour: her voyce (like a coward) would haue shooke away, but that her Louer reaching her a hand, which he brought thither to giue her, (for he was not yet made a full husband) did with that touch somewhat reuiue her: on went they againe so farre, till they mette with For better, for worse. there was the worse than before, and had not the holy Officer made haste, the ground on which she stood to be married might easily haue bin broken vp for her buriall. All ceremonies being finished, she was ledde betwixt two, not like a Bride, but rather like a Coarse, to hir bed: There must not be the table, on which the wedding dinner is to be serued vpp (being at this time, nothing but teares, and sighes and lamentation) and Death is chiefe waiter, yet at length her weak heart wipassing with the pangs, gaue them a fall, so that by this stode againe, and in the fatall funerall Coach that carried her forth, was she brought back (as vpon a beere) to the Cittie: but for the malice of her enemy that had her in chase, vpon the twentieth day following being overtaken, was her life overcome. Death rudely lay with her, & spoild her of a maidenhead in spite of her husband. Wh the sorrow that did round beset him! now was his diuination true, she was a wife, yet continued a maid, he was a husband and a widower, yet neuer knew his wife: she was his owne, yet he had her not: she had him, yet neuer enioyed him: here is a strange alteration, for the rosemary that was waist in swete water to set out the Bridall, is now wet in teares to furnish hir buriall: the musike that was heard to sound to thy dances can not now be heard for the ringing of belles: all the comforts that

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that happened to either side being this, that he lost her, before she had time to be an ill wife, and she lost him, ere he was able to be a bad husband.

Better fortune had this Wife, to fall into the bandes of the Plague, then one other of that fragile female sex (whose picture is next to be drawn) had to scape out of them. An honest cobbler (if at least cobblers can be honest, that live altogether amongst wicked soales) had a wife, who in the time of health treading his shoe often away, determined in the pangs of a sickness (in which this yeare had a saying father) to fall to mewing as well as her husband did. He bed that she lay upon (being as she thought, or rather feared) the last bed that ever should beare her, (for many other beds had borne her you must remember) a the poyson of sinne tickling her conscience, by the call of her very innocent and simple husband out of his vertuous shoppe, where like an Avice he sate distributing among the poore, to some, halfe-penny pieces, penny pieces to some, and two-penny pieces to others, so long as they would last, his pious heart rare being alway, that every man and woman should go upright. To the bed-side of his plague wife approacheth Monsieur Cobbler, to understand what deadignewes she had to tell him, and the rest of his kinde neighbours that there were assembled: such thicke teares standing in both the gutters of his eyes, to see his beloued lie in such a pickle, that in their salt water, all his bitterness was drowned: which she perceiuing, wept as fast as he. But by the warme counsell that sate about the bed, the shouer ceaseth, she wiping her cheekes with the corner of one of the sheets: and he, his sullied face, with his lethern apron. At last, two or three sighes (like a Chorus to the tragedy ensuing) stepping out first, twinging her handes (which gave the better action). She told the pittifull Aetion her husband, that she had often done him wrong: he onely shoke his head at this, and cried humb! which humb, she taking as the watchword of his true patience, unraveled the bottom of her frailtie at length, and concluded, that with such a man (and named him, but I hope you would not haue me follow her steppes and name him so) she practised the vniuersall & common Art of grafting, and that vpon her good mans head, they

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two had planted a monstrous paire of invisible hoynes: At the sound of the hoynes, my cobbler started vpp like a murthered hare, and began to looke wilde: his awle neuer ranne through the sides of a boot, as that word did through his heart, but being a polittike cobbler, and remembering what piece of work he was to binder-lay, stroking his beard, like some grane headbozough of the parish, and giving a nodde, as who should say, goe on, bade him goe on in his dapping to her soze soule, this generall salve, that All are sinners, and we must forgive, &c. For he hoped by such hollowe whiffles, (as whorishers waie being laide to a byle) to blow out all the corruption of her secret villanies. She good heart being tickled under gilles, with the finger of these kind speeches, turned up the white of her eye, and fetches out another. An other, with that art trained vp in nothing but to handle peeces: Another hath discharged his Artillery against the castle of fortification: here was passion predominant: what can stroke the cobblers ghost (so he was now no cobbler) so hard vpon his breast, that he cryed Oh! his neighbours taking pittie to his most terrible stiches pulle him, rubbe his swelling temples with the iuice of patience, which by vertue of the blackish sweate that stode reeking on his browes, and had made them supple) entred very easily into his now parous understanding skull: so that he left winching, and safe quiet as a Lamb, falling to his old domits of counsell, which he had cast vp before, and swearing (because he was in strong hope, this she should bring him no more) to scale her a generall acquittance, pyght forward with this gentle spur, her tongue mends his pace, so that in her confession she overtook others, whose votes had bene set all night on the Cobblers laast, bestowing vpon him the porke of their names, the time, and place, to thintent it might be put in to his next wifes wedding ring. And although she had made all these blotches in his tables, yet the bearing of one man false (whom she had not yet discovered) dothe more in her stomacke than all the rest. A valiant Cobbler, tries out one of the Auditors, how art thou set vpon? how art thou tempted? happy art thou, that thou art not in the shop, for instead of cutting out peeces of leather, thou tookest vnder false noles pure away the hart of a sin,

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and so do al thy neighbours heare (thy wifes ghostly fathers) see that a small matter would not cause thee turn turke, & to meddle with no more patches: but to liue within the compas of thy wit: lift not vp thy collar: be not home mad: thanke heauen that the murder is reueald: study thou Balmazars parts in Ieronimo, for thou hast more cause (though lesse reason) than he, to be glad and sad.

Well, I see thou art too thy to haue patient Griefed to thy wife, for thou bearest more than she: thou shewst thy self to be a right cobbler, and no forwater, that canst thus cleanly cleaue vp the seamrent sides of thy affection. With this learned Oracion the Cobbler was tutoyde: laid his finger on his mouth, and cried *parce-moi palabres*: he had sealed her pardon, and therefore bid her not feare: heer vpon she named the malefactor, I could name him too, but that he shal liue to giue more Cobblers heades the bastinado. And told, that on such a night when he liue there (for a lord may sup with a cobbler, that hath a pretty wench to his wife) when the cloth, & trecherous linnen was taken vp, and Menelaus had for a parting blow, giuen the other his fist: done the lights (this half charer) opening the wicket, but not shutting him out of the wicket, but couers him into a by room (being the ward: of old shoes and leather) from whence the vnicorne cobbler (that dreant of no such spirits) being ouer head and eares in sleep, his snoring giuing the signe that he was cock sure, softly out steals for *Paris*, and to *Helene*: teeth proued himselfe a true Troian.

This was the creame of her confession, which being skimpd off from the stomach of her conscience, she looked euerie minute to goe thither, where she should be farre enough out of the Cobblers reach. But the Fates laying their heades together, sent a repine, the plague that before meant to pepper her, by little and little left hir company: which wifes being blowne abroad, Oh lamentable! neuer did the old vnkind tragedy begiune til now: for the wimes of those husbands, with whom she had playd at fast and loose, came with nailes sharpened for the nonce, like rattes, and tongues forkeably cut like the stings of adders, first to scratch out false Crebuidas eyes, and then (which was worse) to woorry her to death with scolding.

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But the matter was take by in a fanerme; the case was altered, and brought to a new reckoning (may the blood of the Burdeaux grape was still shed about it) but in the end, all anger on euery side was poyzed into a pottle pot, & there burnt to death. Now whether this Recantation was true, or whether the flame of infection, running by (like wine) into her bymines, made hir talke thus idely, I leaue it to the Jury.

And whilst they are canualling hir case, let vs see what doings the Dertion of *Stepney* hath: whose ware-houses being all full of dead commodities, saving one: that one he left open a whole night (yet was it half full) knowing & thinking this yeare were to honest to break into such cellars. Besides those that were left there, had such plaguy wares, that none durst meddle with them for their liues. About twelue of the clock at midnight, when spirits walke, and not a mortal dare stirre: because cates goe a catter-walling: so thin, that all day durst not open his head, came reeling out of an ale house, in the shape of a drunkard, who no sooner smelt the winds, but he thought the ground vnder him danced the Canaries: houses seemed to turne on the toe, and all things went round: insomuch, that his legges dyed a paire of Indentures, betwixt his body and the earth, the principal commodity being, that he for his part would stand to nothing what euer he saw: euerie tree that came in his way, did he fustle, and yet challenge it the next day to fight with him. If he had clept but a quarter so much of the kings slaer, as he did of the kings englysh, his yarkes had long ere this bin carrion for Crowses. But he liued by gaming, and had excellent casting, yet so lame wim, for he dyed reasonable good hands, but had very bad fate: that were not able to carry it away. This setter up of spall-men, being troubled with the staggers, set into the self same graue, that stood gaping wide open for a breakfast next morning, & imagining (when he was in) that he had tumbled into his own house, and that all his bedfellows (as they were indeed) were in their dead sleepe, he, neuer complaining of colde, nor calling for more shute) soundly takes a nap til he snozes again: In the morning the Dertion comes plodding along, and casting vpon his fingers ends what he hopes & dead pay of that day will cometo, by that
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that which he received the day before, (so Dextons now had better doings than either Tarnes or balady-bones): In that latter contemplation, shugging his shoulders together, he streppes ere he be aware on the bynnes of that pit, into which this wooshipper of Bacchus was faine, where finding some dead mens bones, and a skull or two, that late scattered here and there; he soze he loit into this Coffer of woymes, those he takes vp, and sings them in: one of the skulls battered the scone of the sleeper, whilst the bones plaide with his nose; whose blowes waiking his mustie wooship, the first word that he cast vp, was an oath, and thinking the Canne had sigen about, cryed poundes, what do you meane to crache my maye: the Dexton smelling a voice, (feare being stronger than his heart) belened verily some of the coarces spake to him, vpon which, sining himselfe in a cold sweat, toke his holes, whilst the Goblin scrambled vp and ranne after him: But it appeares the Dexton had the lighter sorte, so he ran so fast, that his ranne out of his twittes, which being left behinde him, he had like to haue dyed presently after.

A merger bargaine than the paye Dextons did a Wincher mete with all in a Countrey Lotone; through which a Cittizen of London being vniuen (to keepe himselfe vnder the shadowe in this tempestuous contagion) and casting vp his eye for some harbour, spied a bush at the ende of a pole, (the auncient badge of a Countrey Ale-house:) Into which as good lucke was, (without any resistance of the Barbarians, that all this yeare vled to keepe such landing places) beeling his Bonnet, he struche in. The Host had bin a mad Crane, (maye he could now speake nothing but English,) a goodly fat Burger he was, with a helly Arching out like a Barre-barrell, which made his legges (that were thicke & short like two piles vniuen vnder London-bridge) to strale halfe as wide as the toppe of Bowles, which vpon my knowledg had bene burnt twice or thrice. A leatherne pouch hung at his side, that opened and shut with a snap-hance, and was indeed a sasse for gun-powder when King Henry went to Bulloigne. An Antiquary might haue picht rare matter out of his sasse, but that it was woyme-eaten (yet that proued it to

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be an auncient Porse:) In some corners of it, there were blewish
holes that shone like Shelles of mother of Pearle, and so too his
Porse right, Pearles had bene gathered out of them: other were
richly garnisht with Rubies, Chrysolites and Carbuncles,
which glistered so oriently, that the Hamburgers offered I
know not how many Dollars, for his companie in an East
Indian voyage, to haue stode a nightes in the Pope of their
Admirall, onely to saue the charges of candles. In conclusion,
he was an Host to be lodde before an Emperour, and though
he were one of the greatest men in all the shire, his bignes
made him not proude, but he humbled himselfe to speake the
base language of a Tapster, and vpon the Londoners first arri-
uall, cryed welcome, a cloth for this Gentleman: the Linnen
was spread and furnisht presently with a new Cake and a Can,
the roome doibed, and the Guest left (like a French Lord) at-
tended by no bodie: who drincking halfe a Can (in conceit) to
the health of his best friend the Citie, which laie extreame
sicke, and had neuer more neede of health, I knowe not
what qualmes came ouer his stomach, but immediately he fell
downe without uttering any more wordes, and neuer rose a-
gaine.

Anon (as it was his fashon) enters my putting Host, to re-
lieue with a fresh supply out of his Celler,) the drinking Can, if
he perceiued it stode in daunger to be ouerthrowne. But seeing
the chiefe Leader dzopt at his feete, and imagining at first he
was but wounded a little in the head, held by his gowty golles
and blest himselfe, that a Londoner (who had wont to be the most
balliant rob-pots) should now be strake downe only with two
hopes: and therevpon iogd him, squabbling out these comfortable
wordes of a souldier, If thou be a man stand a thy legges: he stird
not for all this: wherevpon the Paydes being raised (as it had
benic with a hue and cry) came hobling into the roome, like a
flocke of Geese, and hauing vpon search of the bodie giuen
by this verdict, that the man was dead, and murdered by the
Blagues; Oh daggers to all their hearts that heard it! Away
struge the wenches, and one of them hauing had a freckled face
all her life time, was perswaded presently that now they were the
the

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the tokens, and had liked to haue turned vp her heels vpon it: By gorbelly Host, that in many a yeare could not without grunting, crawle ouer a threshold but two sote broad, leapt halfe a yarde from the coarfe (It was measured by a Carpenters rule) as nimble, as if his guttes had bene taken out by the hangman: out of the house he swallowed presentlie, being followed with two or thre dozen of napkins to dye by the larde, that ranne so fast downe his heels, that all the way hee went, was moze greazie than a kitchin-stuff-wifes basket: you woulde haue sworne, it had bene a barrell of Pitch on fire, if you had looked vpon him, so; such a smoakie clowde (by reason of his owne fattie hote steame) compassed him rounde, that but so; his voice, he had quite bene lost in that stincking mist: hanged himselfe hee had without all question (in this pittifull talking) but that hee feared the weight of his intollerable paunch, would haue burst the Roape, and so hee should be put to a double death. At length the Towne was raised, the Country came downe vpon him, and yet not vpon him neither, so; after they vnderstood the Tragedie, euery man gaue ground, knowing my purse Ale-cunner could not follow them: what is to be done in this straunge Allarum? The whole Village is in daunger to lye at the mercy of God, and shall be bound to curse none, but him so; it: they should doe well therefore, to set fire on his house, besyde the Plague scape out of it, least it forrage higher into the Country, and knocke them downe, man, woman, and childe, like Dren, whose blood (they all sweare) shall be required at his handes. At these speeches my tender-hearted Host, fell downe on his maribones, meaning indeede to intreat his audience to be gwd to him; but they fearing hee had bene peppered too, as well as the Londoner, tumbled one ouer another, and were ready to breake their neckes so; haste to be gone: yet some of them (being moze valiant then the rest, because they heard him roare out so; some helpe) verie desperately slept backe, and with rakes and pitch-forkes lifted the gulch from the ground: Concluding (after they had laid their hog-heads together, to draw out some holefom counsell) that whosoener would venture vpo the dead man & bury him, should haue so; tis

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shillings (out of the common towne-purse, though it would be a great cut to it) with the loue of the Churchwardens and Side-men, during the terme of life. This was proclaimed, but none durst appeare to undertake the dreadfull execution: they loued money well, mary the plague hanging ouer any mans head that should meddle with it in that sort, they all botwde to dye beggers befoze it should be Chronicled they kild themselves so; fortye shillings: and in that byane resolution, euery one with bag and baggage marcht home, barricadoing their dozes and windowes with firbeshes, serne, and bundles of straw to keepe out the pestilence at the stanes end.

At last a Tinker came sounding through the towne, mine Hosts house being the auncient watring place where he did vse to cast Anchor. You must vnderstand he was none of those base rascally Tinkers, that with a handog and a dyab at their tailes, and a pike-staffe on their necks, will take a purse sooner then stop a kettle: No, this was a deuout Tinker, he did honor God Pan: a spiritual Tinker, that vpon his kettle-drum could play any country dance you cald so; and vpon Hollidages had earned money by it, when no fidler could be heard of. He was onely feared when he stalkt through some townes where Wits were, so; he struck so stoutely on the bottome of his copper instrument, that he would emptie whole Hines, & leade the swarmes after him only by the sound.

This excellent egragious Tinker calls so; his dyanght (being a double Eng) it was illd so; him, but befoze it came to his nose, the lamentable tale of the Londoner was tolde, the Chamber-doy (where he lay) being thrust open with a long pole, (becanse none durst touch it with their hands) and the Tinker bidden (if he had the heart) to goe in and see if he knew him. The Tinker being not to learne what vertue the medicine had which he held at his lippes, potuxed it downe his throate merily, and crying trillill, he feared no plagues. In he kept, tossing the dead body (so and fra, and was so; he knew him not: Spine Holl that with griefe began to fall away villainously, looking very rudely on the Tinker, and thinking him a fit instrument to be plaid vpon, offered a crowne out of his owne

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stone purse, if he would bury the partie. A crowne was a special temptation to a Tinker; many a hole might he stop, before he could pick a crowne of it, yet being a subtle Tinker (and to make all Septons pray for him, because he would raise their fees) an Angell he wanted to be his guide, and under ten shillings (by his ten bones) he would not put his finger in the fire. The whole parish had warning of this presently, thirtie shillings was saved by the bargain, and the towne likely to be saved too, therefore ten shillings was leaped out of hand, put into a rag, which was tyed to the end of a long pole and deliuered (in sight of all the parish, who stood aloofe stopping their noses) by the Head-boroughs stone selfe in proper person, to the Tinker, who with one hand receiued the money, and with the other struck the boy, crying hey, a fresh double pot. Which armor of pious being fitted to his body, by he hoists the Londoner on his back (like a Schoole-boy) a Shouell and Pick-axe standing ready for him: And thus furnished, into a field some good distance from the towne he beares his deadly load, and there throwes it downe, falling roundly to his soles, upon which the strong beere hauing set an edge, they quickly cut out a lodging in the earth for the Citizen. But the Tinker knowing that woymes needed no apparel, saving only shetes, stript him starke naked, but first bin'de nimbly into his pocket, to see what linings they had, assuring himselfe, that a Londoner would not wander so farre without silver: his hopes were of the right stamp, for from one of his pockets he drew a leatherne bag, with seven pounds in it: this musick made the Tinkers heart dance, he quickly tumbled his man into the grane, bid him ouer head and eares in dust, bound by his clothes in a bundle, and carying that at the end of his staffe on his shoulder; with the purse of seauen pounds in his hand, back againe comes he through the towne, crying aloud, Hane ye any more Londoners to bury, hey downe a downe bere, hane ye any more Londoners to bury: the Hobbinolls running away from him, as if he had bin the dead citizens ghost, and he marching away from them in all the hast he could, with that song still in his mouth.

Now is therefore how deadly a fellow Death is, making

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soles euen of Iuxlemen, and cowards of the most valliant; yea, in such a base slavery hath it bound mens senses, that they haue no power to looke higher than their owne noses, but same by their turkish and barbarous actions to belieue that there is no felicitie after this life, and that (like beasts) their soules shall perishe with their bodies. How many vpon sight only of a Letter (sent from London) haue started back, and durst haue laid their saluation vpon it, that the plague might be folded in that emptie paper, believing verily, that the arme of Omnipotence could neuer reach them, vnlesse it were with some weapon drawne out of the infected Citie: in so much that euen the Westerns Buzs receiuing mony here, haue tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it thzough the Thames, least plague-sores sticking vpon shillings, they should be nailed vp for counterfets when they were brought home.

More ventrous than these block-heads was a certaine Justice of peace, to whose gate being shut (so you must know that now there is no open house kept) a companie of wilde fellows being lead for robbing an orchard, the stout-hearted Constable rapt most couragiously, and would haue about with none, but the Justice himselfe, who at last appeard in his likenes aboue at a window, inquiring why they summond a partie. It was deliuered why: the case was opened to his examining wisdom, and that the euill doers were only Londoners: at the name of Londoners, the Justice clapping his hand on his brest (as who should say, Lord haue mercy vpon vs) started back, and being wise enough to saue one, held his nose hard betwixne his fore-finger and his thumbe, and speaking in that wise (like the fellow that described the villainous motion of Iulius Cesar and the Duke of Guize, who (as he gaue it out) fought a combat together) pulling the casement close to him, cryed out in that quail-pipe voice, that if they were Londoners, away with them to Limbo: take only their names: they were soze fellows, and he would deale with them when time should serue: meaning, when the plague and they should not be so great together, and so they departed, the very name of Londoners being worse then ten whetstones to sharpen the sword of Justice against them.

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I could fill a large volume, and call it the second part of the hundred merry tales, onely with such ridiculous stoffe as this of the Justice, but *Dij meliora*, I have better matters to set my wits about: neither shall you twine out of my pen (though you lay it on the rack) the villanies of that damnd keeper, who kild all the kept; it had bene good to have made her keeper of the common Tayle, and the holes of both Counters, for a number lye there, that wish to be rid out of this motley world, she would have tickled them, and turned them over the thumbs. I will likewise let the Church-warden in Thames streete sleepe (for he's now past wakening) who being requested by one of his neighbors to suffer his wife or child (that was then dead) to lye in the Church-yard, answered in a mocking sort, he kept that lodging for himselfe and his household, and within thre dayes after was driven to hide his head in a hole himselfe. Neither will I speake a word of a poore boy (servant to a Chandler) dwelling thereabouts, who being struck to the heart by sickness, was first caried away by water, to be left any where, but landing being denyed by an army of brolwne bill-men that kept the shore, back againe was he brought, and left in an out-celler, where lying groueling and groning on his face (amongst sagots, but not one of them set on fire to comfort him) there continued all night, and dyed miserably for want of succor. For of another poore wretch in the Parish of Saint Mary Oueryes, who being in the morning throwne (as the fashion is) into a grane upon a heape of carcases, that stayd for their complement, was found in the afternone, gasping and gaping for life: but by these tricks, imagining that many a thousand have bin turned wrongfully off the ladder of life, and praying that Derick or his executors may live to do those a good turne, that have done so to others:

Hic finis Priami hères an end
of an old song.

Eliam tempus Equum fumantia solvere colla.

FINIS.